

Rosary of Friendship



Mabel May Wilson



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By Mabel May Wilson

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There are many links in friendship's chain that
Time doth touch with gold,
And all the joys that nestle there can never quite
be told.

Sometimes when feeling lonely and just a trifle
blue,

I take them from their hiding place and think of
you and you.

'To me it is a rosary, a precious, priceless chain,
Where love and joy and laughter are linked with
threads of pain.

I pause with pleasure and delight beside a little
link,

That causes me to chuckle and urges me to think
Of how you used to roll your "r's" and the mist
that dimmed your eye.

When you spoke of Bonnie Scotland and the
happy days gone by.

Indeed this is a precious link, and one I view
with pride,

For here the rose and thistle are blooming side
by side;

Each gives us of its lustre, its perfume or its wit,
Like little threads of kindness; with these the
links are knit.

I pass my fingers tenderly o'er links both old
and new,

And pause in silent reverence, because there
are a few

Who nevermore will clasp my hand or enrich me
with their love,
They are links in deeper friendship with the
Friend of Friends above.

My rosary is not complete; it never will be here;
I'm always finding other links my lonely heart to
cheer;
And when they're tried and tested and I find
them really true,
I link them all together with you, and you, and
you.
You wonder where I keep the chain; you'd like
to take a look;
No, it isn't in my purse, nor is it wound around
a book;
It's deep within the heart of me, it's because I
think you care
That I've revealed the chain to you. In truth,
it's simply prayer.

The Garden in Your Heart

I know a garden sweet and fair,
Kind words are the flowers blooming there;
Kind thoughts are the seeds planted row on row,
So there will be no room for weeds to grow.

Care for the garden in your heart,
Cast out the ugly weeds;
Gather the lovely flowers, scatter the tiny seeds.
Deep in some other garden they will blossom
with beauty anew,
And when they are ripe unto harvest, return
again to you.

Oh, Gentle Sleep

Oh, gentle sleep my weary eyelids close,
Descend upon my soul as dew upon the rose;
Steep all my cares in slumber deep and sweet,
Banish all my fears and make my joy complete.

Whence camest thou, and whither dost thou go,
So swift and silent, soft as falling snow?
Enfold me to thy breast till morning light,
Beloved sleep, thou Goddess of the night.

Oh, gentle sleep, men woo thee, love thee, beg of
thee to stay,
So dark and long the hours that driveth thee
away,
How blest is he who, lying down to rest,
Sinks into sweet unconsciousness, he woos thee
best.

Thou art a boon and blessing to mankind,
Physician of the body, cleanser of the mind,
Refreshing source whence all goodness springs;
Oh, gentle sleep, with healing in thy wings.

Here's to the Irish!

We honor old England, the home of the free,
We sing of the heather and Bonnie Dundee;
But here's to the land where the dear Shamrock
grows;

Ireland, we greet thee, for thee our praise flows.

Here's to the Irish, their wit and their blarney,
The clear winding rills and the lakes of Kilarney.
Thy minstrels and harps are all pleading for thee,
Land of the Shamrock and Mother Machree.

Since the glory of Erin's undimmed by the ages,
Foretold by thy bards, by thy prophets and sages;
God bless thee, dear country of beauty and mirth,
Thy praises shall echo all over the earth.

Gathering Sweet, Wild Roses

I love to go to the woodland glade, or wander
thro' the dell,
Gathering sweet forget-me-not, violets and blue-
bell;

My garden is gorgeous with many blooms, my
vases filled with poses,
Yet I love to climb where where the way is
steep, gathering sweet wild roses.

I heard the voice of the warm south wind
echoing through the glade,
I saw a rippling crystal spring, where sunbeams
danced and played,
I heard a robin's mating call from her nest in
the old elm tree,
And I knew beyond my garden wall was a world
unknown to me.

So I left my rustic garden seat for a bough in
the old elm tree,
And my soul rejoiced as the robin's song came
floating down to me:
I laughed when the south wind kissed my cheek,
and carelessly tossed my hair,
For the peace I find in the woodland glade is
sweet as an answered prayer.

His violets I gathered were bluer than mine,
His roses more wondrous fair
Than any that grew in my garden, nurtured and
tended with care.
Oh, my garden is gorgeous with my blooms, my
vases filled with poses,
Yet I love to climb where the way is steep,
gathering sweet wild roses.

Living

He does not truly live who findeth not delight
in simple things;

A lovely rosebud, dew impearled, a little bird
that sings.

He does not truly live who cannot see beauty
in a simple tree,

Hear music in a brook, find romance in a shady
nook,

Glory in the setting sun, rest from toil when day
is done.

He does not truly live who knoweth not the
joys of hearth and home;

An open door, the welcome sweet that waits for
him alone.

He does not truly live who hath not loved, who
hath not known the bliss

Of love's first sweet awakening, a sweetheart's
tender kiss.

He has not lived who knows not this—he's dead
within, for love is best.

A Friend Who Stands By

There are times in our lives when you and I
Feel the need of a friend who just stands by;
The friend who may never utter a word,
Though his inmost soul is deeply stirred.

He knows there is nothing that he can do,
That the struggle is strictly up to you,
Yet you know by the kindly clasp of his hands
He sympathizes and understands.

There are times when words seem all in vain
To ease the heartache and the pain;
When such troubles come, then you and I
Will bless the friend who just stands by.

Vimy's Heights

On Vimy's heights a beacon stands,
A warning unto all the lands,
Reminder of the bloody war
That from their homes our loved ones tore.

What care they for this tower of stone?
What care they, though it, like a throne,
Brought thousands kneeling at its feet,
The brave, who never knew defeat?

What would these say, could they but rise
And weigh today their sacrifice?
Could they find peace in carven stone,
While nations still in conflict groan?

Ah, no! 'Tis in these hearts of ours
We must erect the living towers,
Built on the solid rock of peace,
Then ever more all wars shall cease.

No Room

No room in the inn, the keeper said,
And sadly Mary turned away;
No room for a weary mother to be,
No room, O Holy Child, for Thee.

So 'twas in a stable she gave birth
To the Holy Child Who came to earth;
In a nest of hay she laid Him down,
The King Who would some day wear a crown.

No room, no room! is it still the cry
That the Son of God Who came to die
Can find no room because these hearts of ours
Are full of thorns instead of flowers?

There's room, O Lord, in the humble heart
Where You may dwell and have a part;
For I know some day You will say to me:
Well done, my child, I have room for thee.

Life's Highway

This is the road that we must take, Life's highway
for you and me;
This is the way, there's no mistake, it's plainly
marked, you see.
You say it's uphill all the way, that you'll never
reach the top,
Don't carry the burdens of yesterday, but rest
where the sign says "Stop."

Life's highway, how strange and narrow it seems
where the eyes are dim with tears
And clouds of doubt loom dark and low in the
the path of the coming years.
Dear heart, look up, though the clouds hang low,
there's a clear blue sky above
And a rainbow of promise encircles the year, like
a golden arc of love.

See the shady trees by the side of the road, and
the flowers that bloom at your feet;
There's heavenly music in the air, for the song
of the birds is sweet;
There's rest and peace at the end of the day, and
at night when the stars peep through,
Hopes and dreams of that wonderful day when
I'll walk Life's highway with you.

Flowers of Friendship

Deep in the garden of your heart the flowers of
friendship grow;
There, in the sunshine of your smile, they blossom,
row on row;
Each tender look and loving word falls like
refreshing dew,
Till friendship's hidden beauty reveals itself to
you.

In friendship's lovely garden each flower has its
place,
Yet there's always room for just one more to
fill a tiny space.
For the lily shades the violet and the rose her
brightness lends
To the tiniest flower that blossoms in the garden
fair of friends.

The seasons swift come and go, and blossoms
new appear;
Old friendships, like old plants, will find root
deeper every year.
We shall find them some day growing in the
garden that's above,
There, in the sunlight of His smile, eternal
flowers of love.

These Things We Love

I want to keep what I have.
God knows I'd fight with all my strength
Before a part of what I have should suffer hurt,
Or be destroyed by wanton German blood.

I love these walls, the place that I call home;
For I, like you, have labored long to make it
 what it is,
The cosy chair, the dear familiar books,
In deep recess beside the fireplace,
And the door that's left upon the latch, that you
 my friend
Might enter and share these treasures with me.

What if all these things were changed?
The windows now thrown wide open to greet the
 morning sun
Were fastened tight, with great black shutters
 drawn,
And the door, the door through which you came
So free and buoyant like, were locked and barred,
While we inside these walls that echo now with
 careless laugh and chatter
Grew strangely silent, white-lipped, fearful,
Lest the hand upon the latch be that of Jap or
 Hun?

Ah, there my heart would wither and be dead,
Dead as the ashes in the cheerless hearth;
For death itself would ever welcome be
To life beneath the iron heel of Nazi tyranny.

Dear God, we pray that this shall never be,
That we shall keep these simple things we love
Against that day, that hour of Total Victory.

Yesterday, Tomorrow, Today

Let not the mistakes and failures of yesterday
Cloud the sunshine of a bright today;
Yesterday is gone, be it bitter or sublime,
'Tis but a fleeting memory upon the sea of Time.

Depend not upon tomorrow, tomorrow may
never come,
This little thread of life may break ere the rising
sun;
By faith we see tomorrow, clasp her unknown
hand,
Whither she leads we know not, neither under-
stand.

Let us truly live every hour and minute of today,
Work with all our strength, love with all our
heart, and pray;
Let us be honest and kind-hearted, of our
substance give.
Yesterday is gone, tomorrow never comes,
today's the day we live.

Son, It Is Thy Mother

Who is she who cares for thee more than words
can say,
And for your peace and safety continually does
pray,
Who is she who loves thee more than any other?
Comforts, cheers and soothes thee? Son, it is
thy Mother.

Who is she who never tires of listening to your
needs,
Follows with devotion where'er your pathway
leads?
Should thy friends forsake thee, who will shield
and cover?
Tho it costs her dearly? Son, it is thy Mother.

Moonlight on Lake Superior

I love to stand on the moonlit shore
Of that great Lake Superior,
And feel the breezes, fresh and fair,
Kiss my cheek, and toss my hair.

To gaze out on that great expanse
And watch the wavelets sway and dance
With changing colors, blue and green,
Enchanted by rays of a pale moonbeam.

Down through a film of lacy leaves
A glancing moonbeam softly weaves
Fantastic patterns, strange and tall,
Quaint as Grandmother's Paisley shawl.

All is quiet save the shrill weird cry
Of a lonely seagull passing by ,
Its great white pinions dipped to rest
On a tiny wavelet's foamy breast.

Along her far-flung rugged shore
Tiny lights their message pour,
Silently beckoning weary feet
From the busy life of city street.

Often when I'm musing here alone
They rise before me, places I have known,
Yet none delight my heart or thrill me more
Than the tranquil moonlit waters of Lake
Superior.

Opportunity

Be ready, downcast head and sad, I know he'll
pass this way;
Be ready there to grasp his hand, or else he will
not stay;
For whence he comes, I cannot tell, nor whither
does he flee;
You must always be ready for Opportunity.

Men say his dress is spun with gold, that wings
are on his feet;
Swift and silent is his tread, his speech is soft
and sweet;
When you can sense his calm approach to action
you must spring,
For if you let him pass you by, he'll leave a
bitter sting.

Be ready, downcast heart and sad, perhaps you
failed before;
Opportunity will pass again and knock upon
your door;
Men say that he knocks only once, that I have
proved untrue,
For if you're always ready, he'll come looking
just for you.

The Cross of Shame

Dear Father, I will choose the path my Saviour
trod for me;
I'll stand with Mary 'neath the cross of cruel
Calvary.
Here will I lay my burdens down, pledge my
heart anew
To Him who chose the cross of shame and died
for me and you.

'Twas not in vain, dear Lord, I cry;
My heart with rapture rings.
When I behold the cross of shame
I own Thee King of Kings.

Bouquet of Dreams

Could I but send you a bright bouquet
Of lovely flowers, grave and gay,
You would find in them, twined, like maiden-
hair fern,,
The beautiful thoughts that bless and burn.

First I would gather the tall, swaying grasses,
Remember? The kind that grew in the marshes,
Some cornflowers or maybe a poppy or two
Would nod their fragile heads at you.

I'd send you some pansies, their sweet little faces
Would creep in your thoughts and remind you
of places
You've almost forgotten, the woods and the dell,
The daisies we've plucked, to see if they'y tell.

Bluebells, buttercups and sweet columbine,
I'd tenderly bind them with dear ivy vine,
And deep in the heart of this lovely bouquet
The wild rose would shyly her message convey.

I would hide all the thorns in the poor bleeding
heart,
So that nothing could hurt you or cause you to
start,
For the perfume that rises from each blossom
here
Ascends like the vapor—then falls like a tear.

My bouquet of memories, bouquet of dreams
Of the dear long ago and what-might-have-been,
The years have not changed you, you're blooming
today
In the sunshine of love that shall not fade away.

A Gypsy's Prayer

Lord, let me die, as I have lived, in the great
open space,
I want no coffin to hold my form, no shroud to
hide my face.
Lay me down in the warm, sweet earth, cover
my face with the sod,
For out of such I have come to know peace and
love of God.

Lay me beneath a shady tree, where birds can
build their nest;
I want no dirge played over me, their song shall
soothe my rest;
Then out of the dust my soul shall rise and soar
on wings of song,
Out to the great wide open space, where I know
that I belong.

Lord, let me die as I have lived, fearless, clear-
eyed and brave;
As I have faced the unknown road, so may I
face the grave;
In that great camping ground above, grant me,
O Lord, a place
Where the soul of a humble gypsy can dwell in
the open space.

My Little House

If I could build a little house, it would be oh,
such fun,
I'd build the windows deep and wide, to welcome
in the sun.
And there'd be loads of lovely things, shelves of
splendid books,
Velvet carpets, shaded lights, and comfy little
nooks.

I'd like to have a fireplace and a cosy chair or
two,
So I could rest and dream a bit of things I'd like
to do;
I'd have a little fluffy dog and a solemn Persian
cat,
To sit upon the window-sill or lay upon the mat.
Then when even shadows fell and work and day
were done
I'd go a-sailing in my chair—it would be lots of
fun—
To all the lands I've dreamed about, France and
Greece and Spain;
Then I'd forget the passing years in being young
again.

I know I'd come a-sailing home with a monster
treasure chest,
Full of such lovely things, things I thought the
best.
Let my hair turn white, my eyes grow dim, I'd
laugh at Father Time,
If I could build a house like this and know it's
really mine.

Springtime in England

I've been thinking today of a land far away,
Of England, my homeland, across the blue sea;
When spring-time draws near, how I long to be
there,

'Mid the woods and the dales of my native
country.

Through memory's golden portals I can see the
hawthorn trees,
Bluebells, daisies, buttercups a-swaying in the
breeze;

Through woodlands sweet with violets I wander
once again,
While to my heart comes stealing this haunting
sweet refrain:

When it's spring-time in old England and the
clover's wet with dew,

When the meadow-lark is singing 'neath skies
of azure blue,

Though far away I've wandered, still of thee I
am a part,

When it's spring-time in old England, it's spring-
time in my heart.

Just One Friend

I know not what before me lies,
Whether blue or cloudy skies;
I care not if the way be long,
For in my heart will be a song,
If, close beside me, faithful, true,
Is just one friend, a friend like you.

With just one friend to hold my hand,
To sympathize and understand
When things go wrong and fate's unkind,
When only bitterness I find;
I'll struggle bravely to the end
If life gives only just one friend.

Friends of Mine

Sometimes there comes a longing for the friends
we used to know,
Those familiar smiles and handshakes we loved
so long ago;
But now we've travelled far apart, it's only in
my mind
I hear your voices, see your smiles, my friends
so good and kind.

This England

God bless this land, this England that we know,
Where freedom, like a precious gem, is set,
And rising from her bosom, fragrant as a rose,
The prayers of sacrificial souls are met.

Deep in her heart still burns the ancient fire
Of past achievement, glory nobly won;
Her being throbs again with one desire
That right shall triumph ere the conflict's done.

From out her vast Dominions far and wide
Her children pour new life within her veins;
Her stout heart beats with joy and humble pride.
She spurns defeat while yet one son remains.

God guard this island fortress in the sea
Against these evil days; firm may she stand.,
That we, her children, ever may be free
To sing "God Save Our King" and bless this land.

Memories of Mother

Among the beautiful pictures that hang on
memory's wall
Is one of a little old lady in a quaint old
Paisley shawl,
A little old lady with crown of snow-white
hair,
Rocking in placid contentment in her favorite
chair.

As I gaze at the beautiful picture she steps down
from the gilded frame,
For she is my dear old Mother and I am a child
again.
I hear her dear voice calling, calling sweet and
low,
Beckoning me with outstretched arms to the
land of long ago.

So, in memory's gilded hall I stand drifting
backward through the years,
See once more the dear old home in a veil of
misty tears;
Live again the happy days. Nothing can destroy
Childhood's fairy story book, full of hope and
joy.

Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on
memory's wall
The one of my dear old Mother I love the best
of all;
There's a charm and sweetness around it that is
unlike any other;
The picture that hangs on memory's wall is the
picture of my Mother.

Loon Lake

Calm, tranquil waters, hushed within the bosom
of the hills,
Silently entreating all who love thy solitude
To fill their hungry souls with beauty and with
rest.
O lovely Loon, we bow at thy behest.

The stately birch sways gently on the hills
That echo with the songs of gladsome birds;
Here Mother Nature all her works excels,
Uniting earth and sky in magic spells.

May thy cool waters flow into the souls of those
That seek thy shore in sweet repose;
And, mirrored in thy depths, O may they find
A balm for all their ills, yea, peace of mind.

Just For This Day

Oh, soul bowed down and crushed with weight
of sorrow,
Lift up thy head for hope is at thy side,
Her shining ray reveals bright tomorrow,
Thou canst not falter if she be thy guide.

So steep has been the way thou has grown weary,
Too eager for the crown before the cross;
Has thou forgotten He Who loves thee dearly,
Trod this same path and counted gain as loss?

So courage take, and joy and peace go with thee,
Let not tomorrow's cares oppress thy soul;
Hath He not promised all thy days thy strength?
Sufficient for this day then be thy goal.

Then shall thy soul be glad with great rejoicing,
The bitter shall be sweet, thy burden light;
Thy heart be filled with joy to overflowing,
Shall rise to conquer in His strength and might.

Trees

Dreary, indeed, this world would be
Were it not for thee, O lovely tree;
Thy stately form and comely grace
Make lovely many a barren place.

To all mankind you give your aid,
Afford him shelter, lend him shade;
Yet in return ask for naught
But succor from the earth, in draught.

You're not afarid, O lovely tree,
The storms that rage don't bother thee;
What if their fury lay thee low,
You'll make some hearth with pictures glow.

Ah, but to me you are the best
When in your Autumn colours drest,
You seem to play your final part,
For lo! you've grown into my heart.

Winston Churchill

The Prime Minister of Britain, a man of renown,
Directing affairs of state and crown;
With keenness of mind and kindness of heart
He discharges his duty, he plays his part.

With courage he guides the ship of state
When tossed and torn on the sea of fate;
With bulldog strength he stands at the helm
Directing the course of his beloved realm.

In the annals of time his name will go down
As the man who saved old England's crown;
A great British statesman, a gentleman, too,
Who nobly served Britain, the Empire and you.

Then here's to the man of the bulldog breed,
Who's made freedom and service his watchword
and creed;
The torch he held high and passed it along,
Glowing bright with achievement and liberty
and song.

The Sleeping Giant

Silent and still he lies, wrapt in dreamless sleep,
While the pale moon rises her lonely watch to
keep,
And the night winds gently sigh as they sweep
his rugged breast,
Sleep on, O lonely sentinel, sleep on and take
thy rest.

Cradled in the deep embrace of murmuring
waters, swelling tides,
While moons wax old and wane, and seasons
onward glide,
By summer's sun and winter's snow, thy rugged
form's caressed,
And on thy placid brow the lonely seagull lights
to rest.

Who knows thy time of wakening, or when thou
felst asleep,
Within the mighty bosom of lake so vast and
deep?
Only the sun, the moon and stars thy future can
foretell,
Fear not, O Sleeping Giant, they guard thy
secret well.

Memory's Mill

With water that is past the mill can never grind,
 they say,
Yet in my golden memory it ever grinds away,
And all the joy and laughter and all the love
 we knew
Flow sweeter with remembrance each time it
 passes through.
Over it goes, round and round,
List to the merry, creaking sound!
I see your smile, I hear your voice,
They make my lonely heart rejoice,
As I linger and dream by memory's mill,
That stops or turns, at its own sweet will.
Oft as I stray by memory's mill,
The waters grow silent, deep and still;
There, in the mist that looms above,
I see the faces of those I love.
Then clear as crystal the waters glow,
As over and under they gently flow.
With memory's mill in perfect rhyme,
The waters flow over the sands of time,
Rippling, at times, with laughter and cheer,
Sometimes still, like a falling tear.
There, mirrored in waters that dance and shine,
I see your life flowing all through mine.

New Birth

Old mother earth is sleeping beneath the
glistening snow,
Deep in dreamless slumber while time doth
swiftly flow;

Soon she will be awakening to laughter and
to mirth,

Soon she will receive again a glorious new birth.

Mother earth will be again a maiden young and
fair,

The sun will kiss her withered cheek, and chase
away her care;

Soft dew and gentle rain will fall and wash from
her the stain

Of winter's scourge and bitterness—she will be
young again.

Thus shall we all be young again, even as mother
earth,

Awake in eternal springtime, to glory in our
new birth.

What greater promise can there be of life that
is to come,

As when the earth so old and spent, becomes
so pure and young?

Kakabeka

Hear the roar of falling water, see the mist of
silver spray;

'Tis the voice of Kakabeka, rushing madly on
her way.

How the torrent whirls in fury over crag and
rocky bed,

Till with thunderous burst of splendor crashes
o'er the gorge's head.

Far below, in seething passion, dashing, foaming,
misty spray

Rises high to drift in sunlight, slowly there to
fade away;

Steeping shrub and mossy grasses deep in
fragrant, sparkling dew,

Where the sunbeams dance and glitter rainbow
shades of every hue.

Kakabeka, laughing water, at thy call we
homage pay,

Nature's springtime feast of wonder, Kakabeka
on display.

Here indeed is rugged beauty, mossy bank and
shady tree.

Mighty gorge and crystal water, lavishly dis-
played for thee.

Praise

Give praise where praise is due;
Who knows when comes the day
The words you might have uttered
Will fall on lifeless clay.
'Tis now when life flows full and free,
We need the tender word;
When we can neither hear nor see,
To speak would be absurd.

Give praise where praise is due;
You may not pass again this way;
If there be any good in praise,
Bestow it now, I say,
Lest some poor mortal struggling on,
His very best to do,
Discouraged grows and faints beside
The way because of you.

Summer Days

Happy are the summer hours
Filled with laughter, fun and flowers,
All the world's a story book
In a running, gurgling brook.

Butterflies and humming bees
Thread a maze beneath the trees,
They seem to find the world so gay
In their own little way.

Birds in a merry chorus sing,
Joy and gladsome hours they bring;
Chasing all your cares away
In the sunshine of today.

Blue above and green beneath,
What a wealth to us bequeath!
Tokens of His love and care
All around us, everywhere.

The Open Road

Give me the joys of the open road, where the sun
is shining high,
And there's never a cloud to darken the azure
blue of the sky;
Tune my ear to the music of birds and busy
bees,
Quench my thirst by a sparkling spring, fan my
cheek with the breeze.

Let me sing a song as I swing along the great
wide open road,
Twill shorten the way, gladden the day, make
light a heavy load;
For the call of the road is in my heart, its music
pure and sweet
Urges me out to unknown paths, haunts of quiet
retreat.

Trees

What can be found in all this earth so grand
More lovely than the tree that God has planned?
In spring its tender leaves speak joy and hope,
In fall they sound a deeper warning note.

Reminding us that life is short at best;
We, too, must reach our eventide of rest;
Like yonder tree, our final farewell say,
Then to the earth return, a lifeless clay.

But no, I would not leave thee here to mourn;
One other thought within my soul is born—
That if in Christ we live, we cannot die,
Because He suffered death for you and I.

So are we greater than all living things,
The trees, the flowers that flourish in the spring;
For we depart to live anew in Him
When we have laid aside this cloak of sin.

If I Can Live

If I can live so I can say
I've done my very best today
To lift another's load of care
That was too much for him to bear,
Then truly I have played my part.
I can lay down with thankful heart.

If I can bring the smile again
To faces sad and lined with pain,
Hear their laughter ringing clear,
I know I've brought a little cheer;
Then surely I have played my part,
I can lay down with thankful heart.

If I can uncomplainingly bear
The daily round of toil and care,
And know for me this life is best,
I will be true, this is the test;
Then I have lived and played my part,
I will lay down with thankful heart.

A Mother's Prayer

From harm and danger keep them free
Dear Lord, I trust them all to Thee;
Instill within their hearts Thy love,
That they desire the things above.

May they with honest toil be blest,
And deep and peaceful be their rest;
From pain and sorrow keep them free,
This is a mother's humble plea.

When days are dark teach them to pray,
With understanding light the way;
Teach them to always trust in Thee,
That clouds may lined with sunshine be.

Lord, when their work on earth is done,
May they sink to rest, like the western sun,
With effulgent rays, that linger to bless
Long after the call to bind them rest.

Calvary

Jesus, keep me close to Thee, all the way to
Calvary;

Reveal once more the rugged cross that I may
count the bitter cost.

Jesus, Thou hast died for me, lead the way to
Calvary.

Oft in other paths I stray from the straight and
narrow way;

Other pleasures dim my eye to the cross, the
crown, the sky.

Jesus, Thou my guide must be, lead the way to
Calvary.

Be to me a shining light, when my path is dark
as night;

When temptations flay my soul, heal me, cleanse
me, make me whole.

Let me find my joy in Thee, spotless Lamb of
Calvary.

The Image of You

Darling, since you went away my heart has
lonely been;

About you all my thoughts entwine, I lived as
in a dream;

But since he came, the tiny mite, and I hold
him close to my heart,

I know that tho earth's bonds be broken, beloved,
we never shall part.

Because he is your image, my darling, the image
of you;

I see you laugh, I see you smile, in the lovely eyes
of blue;

And the love I knew when we parted thrills my
heart anew,

Because he is your image, my darling, the image
of you.

Mother

Like a vase of beautiful roses whose perfume
fills the air,
Like a garden of beautiful flowers, blooming rich
and rare,
Like a spring of crystal water flowing pure and
sweet,
Sweet as the breath of summer, Mother, you
are to me.

Like music to the tired heart when the weary
day is done,
Like the glory of the western sky at the setting
of the sun,
Like rest from the heat at noonday beneath a
shady tree,
Dear little, sweet little Mother, so are you to
me.

Good-bye, Old Year

Good-bye, old year, we bid thee fond adieu,
As with eager hearts and voices we welcome in
the New;
We'll not forget the joys you brought
Or the lessons you have taught.

Good-bye old year, we would not bid thee stay;
So burdened down with cares, I pray thee haste
away.
We've known thy joys and sorrows, of these
we've been a part,
Sad and tender, sweet and bitter, graven on the
heart.

Good-bye, old year, the time has swiftly fled
Since first we bade thee welcome, prepare we
now thy bed.
So far beyond recall you seem to be,
And yet how close the bond 'twix thee and me.

Twilight Sleep

Last night I walked in a garden fair,
Where lovely flowers grow everywhere;
The air was fragrant with sweet perfume,
And the birds were singing the gayest tune.

The Gardener was there in robes of white,
Tending the flowers that grew so bright;
He smiled when He learend my little request,
And tenderly laid a rose on my breast.

Perhaps I was dreaming, for I'll not deny
I awoke when I heard your tiny cry;
Found you nestled close to my breast
Just where He laid the rose to rest.

You look so much like a sweet little rose,
From your downy head to your little pink toes;
I'm inclined to think my dream was true,
That the rose He gave me was really you.

Eventide

There shall be light at eventide when eyes are
growing dim,
And Death's dark angel waits without, silent,
cold and grim;
Light to grasp the hand of faith when evening's
shadows fall,
Light to pierce the veil between when summoned
at Thy call.

There shall be rest at eventide for the tired and
weary soul,
Who struggling thro' the unknown years at last
beholds its goal;
Rest for tottering aged feet, for the trembling
feeble hand,
A haven of peace and refuge, a home in that dear
land.

My Gifts

What shall I bequeath to my children dear?
For I cannot always tarry here;
Some day we shall say our last farewell,
Just when or where I cannot tell.
So while in strength of mind and health
I would tell thee the things I count as wealth.

I leave thee no silver or purse of gold,
No lands nor mines of wealth untold;
No beautiful house or jewels rare,
To remind thee of mother, my children dear;
Far greater than these are the treasures I'd give,
They'll help thee to conquer, teach thee to live.

I would leave thee courage, strength to press on,
When days are dark and hope is gone;
That out of the ashes of broken dreams
Shall be born the longing for noble things—
Sweet patience and truth, kindness of heart—
These you will need to play your part.

I'd endow thee with love, ah, this gift is the best,
It has lived thro the ages, withstood the test;
In poverty, sickness, whatever betide,
All else may fail, but love will abide.
These gifts I would leave thee, my children dear,
For I shall not always tarry here.

Lost at Sea

All day I sit on the cold grey sand and gaze at
the deep blue sea,
Watching and waiting for one little ship to come
sailing home to me;
But the tides go out and the tides return from
dawn till setting sun,
While I sit on the cold grey sands and weep for
the ship that will never come.

Ofttimes I think I see a sail away in the distant
blue,
But it's only the foam on the billows' crest when
my weary eyes are thro;
And my waiting heart goes cold with dread for
the ship that will never come,
The aching void for a love that was lost when
life was sweet and young.

The days and months drag slowly by, moons wax
old and wane,
Yet in my breast is a feeble hope, a tiny flickering
flame
That you will rise from the unknown deeps and
come sailing home to me,
While I sit on the cold grey sands and weep for
my love that was lost at sea.

Long May He Reign!

God save the King, long may he reign in peace,
unity and love;
May Heaven's choicest blessings anoint him from
above;
Let peoples bow before him, the chosen of the
race
To carry the ancient tradition of a high and
noble place.

Long may he reign in honor, truth and holy
might;
Govern his people with wisdom, uphold what is
right;
May health and great prosperity favor the coming
years
Of him who sits upon the throne amid the
mighty cheers.

God save the King and bless the Queen, his loving
gracious wife;
May joy and sweet contentment crown their
private life;
Let the goblets run red with the richest of
wine!
Drink a toast of allegiance to the greatest king
of our time.

Thank God I Have Lived

Thank God I have lived, for I have seen the
blush of early dawn
Creep slowly on the distant hills, a day that's
newly born;
I have trod the meadows sweet, wet with morning
dew,
Heard the thrush her song repeat, so old yet
ever new.

'Tis something to have lived, for I have seen the
glory of the setting sun
Dip snow-white peaks in flaming red, where gold
is spun!
I have drunk the breath of evening' neath a
starlit sky
Enrapt in Nature's splendor, feeling God was
nigh.

Thank God I have lived, tho oft I deemed it best
to die;
When sorrows great engulfed my weary soul no
help was nigh;
Yet have I lived to see new beauty spring from
chaos and decay,
New hopes that have their origin in Him; they
cannot pass away.

THANK GOD I HAVE LIVED

April

April has so much to do after windy March is
thro'
Blowing all the dust about, turning tempers
inside out;
April, with refreshing rain, drives away the grime
and stain;
Sunshine flooding every nook, makes the world
an open book.

Sweet, impulsive April showers usher in the
fragrant flowers;
Hear the children gladly say, pussy-willows out
today;
Robins chirping in the tree, everything's in
harmony;
When April's smiling thro her tears, a lovely
rainbow soon appears.

April, our lives resemble you; sometimes skies
are grey, then blue;
Sunshine and shadow, laughter and tears,
Form the rainbow that spans our years.
April, may we be like you—always come a-smiling
thro.

Sweet Music

Sweet music, how divine thou art,
Soothing the troubled, aching heart!
When other pleasures fail and wane
We hear thee, and take heart again.

In merry or in pensive mood
We always find in thee some good,
Lifting our minds to nobler things;
Thy notes with joy and gladness ring.

So many times you've lulled to rest
Downy heads on mother's breast;
Tho' other memories fade and die,
Lingers yet that lullaby.

Of all God's gifts you charm the heart;
I hope from me you'll never part.
Yea, death itself will lose its sting,
Could I but hear some sweet voice sing.

These Three

Oh, wings of Faith, on thee we rise
To view our heavenly paradise,
Sweet window of the soul thou art,
Thy courage and thy truth impart.

Dear Hope, that sends her shining ray
To chase the doubts and fears away;
Without thy beams our lives would be
A dark, unending, shoreless sea.

Love divine, excels the rest,
It glows within the human breast
When Faith is dim and Hope has died,
Love, everlasting, will abide.

Sea of Life

Where shall I steer my little ship? For the sea
of life is deep and wide,
And many there be who drift with the wind
or the ebb and flow of the tide;

Shall I launch out onto the unknown deep, with
glory and fame as my guiding star?
Shall I follow the gallant sister ship that passed
me by with a glad hurrah?

Away in the distance the water looks calm, and
the ships they seem to sail with ease,
While here where my little bark is launched are
the turbulent waves of the restless seas.

But my eyes are fixed on the distant shore, where
gleam the harbor lights of home,
There I will steer my little ship when the sea of
life no more I roam.

Whether the ships be little or big, whether their
course lie near or far,
Oh, may they all at their voyage-end, anchor safe
and sound to the harbor bar.

Another Dress

Lord, give to me another dress, mine own is
frayed and torn,
It is not fit to meet Thy gaze upon that radiant
morn;
Lord, clothe me with Thy righteousness, that
fearless I shall stand
Upon the brink of Jordan's flood in view of that
dear land.

Lord, give to me another dress, for sin and
sickness claim
The one Thou gavest me to wear when first I
breathed Thy name;
For life, Thy life, still glows within, fanned by
keen desire
That Thou wilt come with glorious dress my
spirit to attire.

Now let my heart feel no regret to lay the cloak
aside
That time hath robbed of beauty and storms of
life have tried;
So give me, Lord, another dress, shining, spotless,
white,
A robe of immortality, fit for Thy holy sight.

Bank of Life

This life is portrayed in many ways by poets and
artists of fame;
Some call it a highway, some a sea, to others
it's merely a game.
I call life a bank, for each man in his sphere has
some contribution to make;
Call life what you will, it consists of two things,
what we give and what we take.

To the great bank of life we constantly go, to
withdraw or deposit our gain;
If you put nothing in, you can take nothing out,
I think you'll agree this is plain.
So let us invest the best we have, the things that
are really worthwhile:
Kindness, sympathy, tolerance, love, deposit
them all with a smile.

Tho' today's skies are blue and your pathway
clear, there'll be clouds and troubles no doubt,
If you've made no deposits of friendship and
cheer, you cannot expect to draw out.
Some day your account in the bank will be closed,
just the interest will be your due;
It pays to invest the best you have, then the
best will come back to you.

Thy Word

I read Thy word from day to day,
Thy Book lies open in my sight;
I underline the words that say
I am the Way, the Truth, the Light.
I try to picture as I read
The places where Thy feet have trod,
And stumbling oft with thoughts astray,
There dawns a picture of my God.

I cannot see Thee as a Judge
Weighing my doubts and sins with care,
Counting the many times I've failed
To call upon Thy name in prayer;
I only see Thee as Thou art,
Patient, understanding, kind,
Waiting with loving arms outstretched
To heal the hurts of all mankind.

No man shall pluck them from my hand,
These words I underline with care;
I write them, Lord, upon my heart,
I feel the kinship of that prayer;
And as I read from day to day
Reveal Thy blessed truth to me,
That I may claim Thee as my own
When I shall reach eternity.

